Conference: the 7th Week

SUNDAY, March 2:
Colonel House had a conference with Arthur J. Balfour.

Premier Clemenceau conferred with Generals Foch and Petain.

Monday, March 3:

The reparations commission was reported to have fixed the Allied war claims at $120,000,000,000.

Discussion on the formation of new frontiers in Europe continued, with a prospect of a conclusion being reached this week.

Rrepresentatives left for Spaa to complete arrangements for release of German ships in German ports.

Tuesday, March 4:

Commissions were busy during the day discussing the question of reparation, the Polish claims, and Belgium's demands.

Wednesday, March 5:

The council of ten reported to have reached a decision on the sum to be demanded of Germany and on the disposition to be made of the territory west of the Rhine.

Thursday, March 6:

The council discussed the military, naval and aerial terms of German disarment.

William Penn's League

IN THE problem of constructing a workable league of nations, light is sought from all sources. The English "Contemporary Review" has resurrected William Penn's essay on a league of nations in an analysis of Penn's ideas by Harold Spender. Penn's effort to solve the problem was made in 1694, in the early years of one of the periodical attempts to bring Europe under the dominion of one monarch. What were the practical means he proposed to settle the disputes of the world and bring peace as a habit? For that is the point of interest now, some practical means for establishing a league of nations as a going concern.

His plan was simple and yet comprehensive. It was to establish a European Diet or Parliament, consisting of representatives drawn from all the sovereign states of Europe, in proportion to their wealth and numbers.

He proposed a small body—ninety members only. They were to sit in some central city of Europe—perhaps Bernt. They were to vote by ballot. No great decision was to be taken without a majority of two-thirds behind it. Their chamber was to be circular in order to avoid quarrels of precedence. Each country was to keep its own records; to possess its own clerks; to refer back for instructions to its own government if necessary. Presence at debates was to be enforced by penalty. No delegates were to be allowed to abstain from voting.

To each European state domestic sovereignty was to be left intact. Each government was to be left sovereign within its own acknowledged dominions. The chief function of the European Diet was to be to decide this supreme question—what those dominions were to be. In other words, the sovereignty of the Imperial Diet was to be a sovereignty of territorial division. Just as in Great Britain the central government decides the borders of countries, so in Europe the Diet was to decide the borders of states.

But if this was to be the function of the Diet, what were to be the fixed title deeds on which possession was to be based? On what principles were territorial claims to be decided if force were to be finally excluded as a test? Penn clearly perceived that here, in that question, lay the supreme difficulty of introducing legality into the relations of states.

Penn's solution is largely dynastic, for the world of his day was a world of dynasties. Succession, election, marriage—all these were accepted by him as title deeds to national territory. "Self-determination," and not yet emerged into view. Then arises the difficulty that appears again in the discussions of to-day, that "the strongest and richest sovereignty will never agree to" the decisions of this European Diet. How meet that difficulty? Penn replies: "I answer, he (this upstart state) is not stronger than all the rest, and for that reason you should promote this (Imperial Parliament) and compel him into, and especially before he be so (stronger than all the rest), for then it will be too late to deal with such an one."

Disarmament was, also, among his proposals, and to the objections raised in his day, as now, he answered unflinchingly.

"The proposal," he replied in his quaint and simple prose, "the proposal answers for itself. One has war no more than the other." In other words—for we must face unflinchingly the full size of this gigantic task—all nations are to be disarmed equally. No great standing armies are to be allowed. With the new plan of equitable territorial division, the very motive for standing armies will have disappeared. Nations will no more be armed than now are individual citizens who can settle their quarrels by appeals to the law courts.

"Very good," says the objector, "but how prevent any community that is feeling within itself the irresistible inner strength of an expanding population and increasing wealth from breaking down the fixed barriers of the world? What is your Diet to do if such a state should enter, without the leave of your Diet, upon the road of increasing armaments?" "Why," answers Penn, "take the trouble in time; heck that state before it has grown too powerful to defy you."

The Voice of the People

(Continued from page one)

immigration alone is gigantic enough to warrant careful consideration before we support the league of nations in its present form."

Then there is the comment:

"We should cling to the Monroe Doctrine and reserve the privilege to lay tariffs and regulate immigration."

From Georgia there is an appeal to the Senate:

"Our country has stood in the past, and she will continue to stand in the future, provided our liberties are not sacrificed in the treaty soon to be presented for the approval of the United States Senate. In the name of our great and glorious country may the ratification of this treaty be refused and forever denied by the protector and defender of our liberties—the United States Senate."

A citizen from the Pacific Coast harks back to the tenets of Washington:

"And now it's proposed to merge our identity with monarchies.

"What we need now is a little straight out Americanism. The Americanism that dwelt in the heart of the immortal Washington when he warned his countrymen against entangling alliances. Let these nations who talk so glibly about democracy and liberty and who were associated with us in this war clear their own doorsteps by banishing kings and lords and dukes from the temples of power, and then we might have more patience to talk to them about a league of nations. Let us talk in terms of the great American republic for a change, instead of terms of European monarchies."

A New Yorker inquires:

"Is America so unable to care for herself that she needs must place herself under an international protectorate? Ought we not have sufficient faith in her great destiny to wish to preserve her independence?

"What would have been Roosevelt's answer to these questions? I know. So should every American."

After all, asks another—

"is it worth while? What reason is there for reversing the sound doctrine of small chances for large gains by taking large chances for small gains? At any rate, it would seem best to go slow and not jump hastily into a thing of this magnitude and importance, and to inform the American people fully just what the consequences are are going to be."

And again:

"The plan now presented would make of our nation a mere European appendage. It bears the brand of 'made in Europe, by Europeans, for Europeans.' We can never consent to have our interests depend on the verdict of a packed jury such as the executive council or the body of delegates."

A Pennsylvanian exhorts:

"Let us not give up the practical teachings of our Constitution for uncertain and immature measures, maintaining our old attitude toward the world until other people have progressed nearer to our own political standard."

Constitution

Here a correspondent points to Article X, which he first quotes:

"Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people.

"It is manifest, therefore, to the extent the proposed league of nations will surrender any of the powers or independence of the nation or the states or the people thereof, that Congress is powerless to adopt it. The league must be adopted by the people, to whom is reserved by the Constitution the independence of the United States as a nation."

A Massachusetts writer also alludes to the Constitution:

"Mr. Wilson, in his talk with the Senators, seemed to think that a few changes in the Constitution did not amount to much. It was 'Vote for the league; never mind the Constitution.'

"Can you tell me who it was who first said, 'What is the Constitution between friends?'"

Perhaps with a recollection of the Seattle strike this Washingtonian scents Bolshevism:

"Will we be compelled to stifle our American conceptions of democracy and freedom, to be ruled by a majority vote of Bolshevist statesmen, who may come to rule the league?"

"Why will there be war without a league?" comes the query:

"President Wilson says unless the league of nations is accepted by the United States we must prepare for war. With whom? What nation? Germany has been beaten. Japan is not going to fight us. England is our friend. So is France. Of course, the United States will enlarge its navy and have in a few years a citizenship army. But for the present the United States is not going to war with any foreign powers. Also there is no European nation going to fight us."

A New Yorker adds:

"The right to resort to arms is not likely to be surrendered until a league is established whose strength is at the disposal of an impartial judiciary and whose constitution contains a bill of rights which the judiciary are sworn to uphold."

Still others see nothing in the league but a scrap of paper. Says a Wisconsin man:

"All honor and praise to our heroic and dauntless President Wilson, who has just played the part of the Methodist revivalist, rode the circuit making a desperate effort to convert the 'heathen,' but who, as a matter of fact, has floundered around like a little dog in high oats, and instead of realizing his league of nations ambition has been compelled to come home recommending a sort of ethical, moral supremacy affair, a text for which I could take from McGuffey's old Second Reader.

"'Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear.'

"Some league of nations! Just as well have our common council make municipal laws and then do away with Chief Janssen and the police force."

Another correspondent concludes:

"We stand right where we started; we know only that the draft of the league covenant has been formulated for discussion; and we know also that the people of suffering France are again chilled by the dread of an ineffective 'paper peace,' so designed as to make them as before the flesh and blood wall against barbarism, while other nations may safely dawdle and debate, as we did for months and years."

From another:

"This league of nations is the greatest peril that has come up in the United States since the Civil War. Let us stand firm; let us never exchange our birthright for a mess of pottage. To save our birthright from ruin now means the hardest kind of work every day, every hour, every minute, until that danger which hovers over us has been removed. Let us never forget that under soft gloved hands are iron fists. Let us beware camouflage of every kind. Let us be alert in every fibre of our being in order to preserve our independence which was the inheritance of our forefathers. Wake up, America, and wake up quickly, ere it is too late!"

And again:

"The only kind of union we ought to have with Europe is the era of good feeling which we have been so effectivtly promoting. A brotherhood of mutual ideals? Yes. But a league on paper? Never!"

"One-Man Power"

Autocratic motives are imputed to the President, who comes in for as much criticism as the friends of the league delivered to the hostile Senators. "Too much one-man power" is another Washington verdict:

"I believe the league of nations has been tried before. What was the result? I don't believe in one-man power. Neither do you. Neither do I believe we should have had all this Bolshevikism if there hadn't been so much one-man power. I never saw one man run anything yet but what he got sat on before he got through."

Recalling the arena of the court room, one writes:

"When the cross-examiner senses that the defendant is withholding knowledge, he proceeds to get at that defendant's motive. The American people, hard-headed, by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine sure of their right to know, are asking: What is the President's motive?"

From Minnesota comes an original estimate:

"The truth is that Mr. Wilson is a nominalist or verbalist with sentimental tendencies. He believes not in ideas but in words. Like the voodoo man, he believes that there is some magic in mere phrases. If one phrase does not accomplish the thing he has in view, possibly another will. Will not the papers kindly refrain from calling Mr. Wilson an idealist?"

An Alabaman puts him in another form:

"Camouflage as we may, shut our eyes if we will, but it is a fact that an ambitious and determined man with a persuasive personality, autocratic in temperament, has appeared upon the horizon with the avowed purpose of wrenching our ship of state from its moorinigs and launching upon an uncharted sea, delivering it to an international crew of which he is to be captain. Nor is this man a patriot, in the strictest sense; he is rather an internationalist, or perhaps he had rather be known as a 'world-man.'"

From California comes a quotation of one of the President's campaign speeches:

"I am one of those who absolutely reject the trustee theory, the guardianship theory. I have never found a man who knew how to take care of me, and reasoning from that point out, I conjecture that there isn't any man who knows how to take care of all the people of the United States. I suspect that the people of the United States understand their own interests better than any group of men in the confines of the country understand them."

Another is skeptical of the President's judgment:

"If there was anything in the past to teach us faith in the President's opinion of things international we could in a measure at least be guided by him in the course we must shortly set. Unfortunately, there is nothing of the kind. He kept us unprepared, mentally as well as physically, for a war all thoughtful men knew to be probable. His first message to Congress after war broke out in Europe decried preparedness and later on in a speech he referred to those of us who were begging for some preparation as 'hysterical.' He never discerned the issue at stake—merely the civilization of the world—until 1917, if we accept his notes to England and Germany as being his true opinion. America is poorer by some billions of dollars by his refusal to look facts in the face."

Alas!

And, finally, all this diverse criticism is summed up by a correspondent in F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower," as follows:

Sir: Careful inquiry concerning the opposition to the league of nations reveals that the objections to it are few, viz.:

1. It will force the United States into war against the will of Congress.
2. It will prevent the United States from going to war, as, for example, against Mexico or Santo Domingo.
3. It will make the British Empire the dominant power of the world.
4. It will dismantle the British fleet and place the world at the mercy of Germany.
5. By admitting Germany it will hand back at the peace table what has been won on the field of battle.
6. By excluding Germany it will make certain the formation of a Teutonic alliance against the league.
7. It will mean the end of the Monroe Doctrine.
8. It will extend the Monroe Doctrine to the whole world.
9. It will prevent the United States from taking its place in world affairs.
10. It will force the United States to take part in all the international affairs of the world.

"A few slight changes in the language of the pact to meet these objections are all that seem to be needed."

More Light on Red Terror

WRITING in the March number of "World's Work," Arno Dosch-Fleurot gives a wonderfully moving account of the horror in Russia which he has witnessed and endured. He begins his account:

"I was passing before the Chinese Gate of the old Tartar city of Moscow one afternoon last summer when I got a mental snapshot of the red terror that has made a lasting impression on me. The incident was commonplace enough, but the composition of the picture seized the overwrought, terror-held imagination which I in common with every one, even including the Bolsheviki, was suffering from in Russia.

"The ancient Chinese Gate, ever reminding of the soft yielding of the Russians to outside, strange, particularly Oriental influences, was in the background. Before it, conspicuous among the lazy movements of the half-eastern, half-western crowd, passed a tall Mongolian soldier in the common Russian uniform, a bare automatic stuck in his belt flat on his stomach. He walked with a masterly stride like the other Mongolians who passed in and out of that gate hundreds of years ago among the same motley crowd of Russian peasants. And well he might feel his power, for he was one of the executioners hired by the Bolsheviki to take their prisoners—officers, bourgeois, peasants who objected to their dictatorship, anybody they did not like and, forcing them to kneel in dark corners, to put that same automatic behind their ears and blow their heads off.

"Just as he passed a load of his victims came gliding by. A modern police van, smooth-running, its dark green paint barely scratched, the only neat looking thing left in Moscow, slipped silently across the square into the picture—bound for the Kremlin. It held ordinarily perhaps thirty persons, but was so tightly crowded I could see several heads through the tiny grating at the rear. Among them I recognized a young officer, who was soldier and nothing more. He was arrested simply because he was an officer, taken as a 'hostage,' and, as he was on his way to the Extraordinary Commission Against Counter-Revolution, Speculation and Sabotage, I did not have the slightest expectation of ever seeing him again. I never even knew his fate, nor did his family. He took a ride in the Bolshevist 'tumbril,' and that was all any one ever knew. That is one of the most terrible things about the red terror.

"The next most terrible thing about the terror is that it was undertaken by the Bolsheviki as a political move. They put it into execution coldly, tried it out as an experiment on what the great Socialist newspaper, the 'Vorwnerts,' referred to 'as the living body of society.' Recently in Copenhagen, I met a Bolshevik from Moscow and I asked him about the terror. 'Most of us think now it was a mistake,' he replied, calmly. 'A fine time to discover your mistake,' I replied, 'after you have murdered between 25,000 and 50,000 people.' It was in Copenhagen I made this bitter comment. In Moscow, I should not have dared. . . .

Cholora

"Incidents of actual terrorism are to me all intertwined with parallel examples of Bolshevist mentality, also explicative of the state of mind which could declare a terror. Zinoviev, President of the Petrograd Soviet, for instance, in the same days of July, when the mass arrests of 'bourgeois hostages' were taking place, began intensifying his campaign to rouse the workmen to go out and slaughter the rest of the citizens where found. He had been at it for months, but the Petrograd workmen, played upon as they had been for years by these furious fanatics, would not go out and kill the bourgeoisie in cold blood. Then in July, came the cholera, intensified by the long, slow starvation to which Bolshevist disorganization had subjected the whole of Petrograd. It came violently, a thousand cases in one day, nearly half dying. The city was stricken, every doctor was in the hospitals or working night and day with the sick. That particular night I knew the Soviet was going to meet to take action and I was interested to go, because I knew the burning question of free commerce to relieve the food situation and end the absurd unsuccessful food nationalization was bound to come up. But I could not go because my friend, with whom I lived, was attacked by the cholera. I knew a dozen doctors, but could not get one. Finally, by telephone, I got one at a hospital and he authorized a drug store by telephone to sell me tincture of opium for him, and with that we were able, by working all night, to save his life.

"In the morning, relieved that the crisis was past, I walked out to quiet my nerves and bought a copy of the official newspaper, the 'Communa.' In it was the report of the night's meeting. The food monopolization question had been raised, I found, but Zinoviev, seeing the danger of losing the Bolshevist grip, turned the thoughts of these simple men from the point at issue as he had done a hundred times before, by delivering a passionate demagogic address, laying the cholera epidemic at the doors of the bourgeoisie, saying it was their doing. That was to be expected of him, but then he went on to say something for which the earth has no fitting punishment. He said that 'we' the workmen, would put a stop to the epidemic, and if the bourgeois doctors did not do their duty, they would be shot on the spot. Emphasizing his point, evidently feeling he had nearly passed his political crisis, he said: 'Any workman who finds a doctor is not doing his duty right must kill him.'

In Conclusion

"The Terror is having a certain success. It is gradually killing off all the culture there was in Russia, and if it could go on long enough, there would be simply an aggregation of villages, some at peace, others at war. The cities have steadily disintegrated, and, after a year in power, the Bolsheviki have not one constructive act to their credit. But they are still in power, late in November as I write, and while they remain in power the Red Terror will continue."

Muddled Americans

THERE seems to be no doubt about it: the average American is now wandering in a state of bewilderment through the labyrinth of reconstruction. His mind is too feeble a thread to guide him through the intricacies of present day politics. Though willing to listen to reason, his ears are greeted by a babel of voices vying with each other in contradictions. If he arrives at a conclusion, the next day finds it scrapped among the obsolete ideas, but he very seldom has a chance to arrive at one. At short, it is the opinion of Samuel G. Blythe, writing in "The Saturday Evening Post," that the average American is in a pitiable predicament; and thus he has summed up the situation:

"The average American is muddled—muddled over Washington and its exemplars; muddled over politics and its practitioners; muddled over the conditions that obtain everywhere from one end of the country to the other. He has read the first of the Fourteen Points, which demands 'open covenants of peace, openly arrived at,' and a diplomacy that 'shall proceed always frankly and in the public view'; and while he was refreshing his memory on that demand he learned that his own government had taken over all the cables that lead to Paris, where these covenants are to be made. He invests all his savings in Liberty bonds and goes forth in the morning to discover that his grocer is charging him a dollar a dozen for eggs that have a good many of the aspects of the execution of our announced policy of 'pitiless publicity' about them.

"He joined in the general condemnation of Senator La Follette, and wonders in what internment camp the Senator's fierce foes in the Senate had him placed; and while he is wondering he finds that La Follette, now that the war is over, has been exonerated, and he muses over the question of whether the fact that the Republicans have but two majority in the Senate after March 4, and need La Follette's vote, has anything to do with it.

"He has uncomplainingly ridden on the crowded railroads, thus doing his part, and has paid the increased freight rates without a whimper, and now he finds that the government, if it tries to reduce the rates, can only do it by taking some hundred millions more of his money in order that the wages of the employes on the railroads shall not be reduced also; and the average American wonders where he gets off on a proposition of that sort. He listens to the ominous discussions of the dangers of Bolshevism, in Congress and out of it, and is perplexed because many of these men who speak in such fear of a Red Menace in the United States do not advocate restriction of immigration. He knows that all our troubles of this sort are imported troubles, that these disturbers come freely in from the outside, from other countries; and he cannot understand why Congress has not struck at the root of the evil, prohibited their entrance and deported those that are here. He wonders whether the foreign vote has anything to do with it; whether such a step by the politicians in Congress would not deprive those politicians of the support of this foreign-born element. And he is still wondering.

"For nearly two years his soul has been seared and scorched by the hot fires of denunciation of Germany and the Germans, and now he is asked to cut down his food intake in order that food may be exported to Germany to prevent the spread of Bolshevism and feed the people who have caused him all this trouble and loss and pain. He finds that the government has taken over the telephones and the telegraphs, but wonders why it is that with reduced rates it costs him more to use the long distance telephone than it formerly did; nor can he satisfy himself why it so often takes two days for a letter to get to Washington from New York when the trains make the run in less than six hours, and it is quicker to go to Chicago from New York, in person, and return than to try to transact business by mail. He wonders if government ownership really is such a good thing after all, after he has had his experiences with consolidated railroad ticket offices under governmental control and has eaten a few of the standardized meals on the dining cars.

"He discovers that if he wants to go anywhere on the railroads and not ride in day coaches he must set the definite date for the journey many days in advance in order to get accommodations; and that gives him food for thought and basis for comparison with the old days, because it is quite impossible for him, not being a seer, and sometimes travelling on emergent business, to know in all cases a week ahead the date on which it may be necessary for him to travel. He tries to cable abroad and discovers that since Mr. Burleson took the cables it often takes seven days to get a few words under the Atlantic from New York to London; and his experiences with Mr. Burleson's domestic telegraphs are also disconcerting.

"He read with interest the protests against the President's going to France, and agreed that it might not be a wise thing to do. He was pleased with the reports of the tremendous receptions the President received, but now wonders why it is that the correspondents say there was so much delay in getting the peace going. He was all set to have Elihu Root on the peace commission, and is puzzled yet as to the exact reason Henry White was substituted. If he is a Republican he wonders why he never heard of Henry White, and if he is a Democrat he asks the same question. He has accepted the ministrations of Colonel House in governmental affairs and has heard of the colonel's prodigious powers. Wherefore, knowing that the colonel is a man of such transcendent abilities, he isn't sure in his own mind why the President had to go at all; or, if the colonel really isn't so prodigious, why the President intends to return. He tries to understand the reasons set forth for the delay in getting under way in Paris, and the thought that the knowledge by the other nations concerned that the President is booked to return may have something to do with that delay harasses him, for he conceives that without the President the peace commission from the United States will be far less formidable as a diplomatic entity than when the President was in Paris in person. If that is the case, he asks, why didn't the President put on the commission the biggest men we have? And that is another question for which there is no answer handy at the moment."

And if he goes to the fountainhead for knowledge, what then? Why—

"the average American goes to Washington and finds that capital in a state of flaccidity unequaled in the history of it. He watches Congress at work, and discovers that Congress apparently does not know what it is trying to do or why it is trying to do it. He sees statesmen jump up and rail at the President, and statesmen jump up and applaud the President, and when he analyzes what they say he concludes that neither the railers nor the applauders have any clear idea of what they are talking about. He listens to a speech on Russia and discovers that the sum total of it is that the man who made it wanted to whack the President. He listens to a speech on Americanism and learns that the speaker isn't so much concerned about Americanism as he is about himselfism, he being 'prominently mentioned' as a candidate for the Presidency. He had an idea that the pressing thing at this time was the readjustment of affairs in the United States, following the war and getting back to business, but he finds that the principal and pressing aspect of the situation so far as the politicians in Congress at Washington are concerned is the politics of the next presidential campaign. He wonders if it is more important at this time to jockey with politics and men for advantages in 1920, a year or so away, when neither he nor any of his similars in business in the United States can find out where they stand as to taxes and business regulations that are coming.

"It puzzles him exceedingly to learn that the very law that had to be made a dead letter by the government when it essayed to operate the railroads has for years been the prop which has held up hundreds of so-called progressive reformers, investigators, crusaders and uplifters; and he does not get the reason that incited Congress to pass a seaman's law that the government itself couldn't operate on its own ships. He looks at this law-making business critically, and it befogs him to find that the real reason for much legislation is not the good of the country but the political good of the party that passes it."

Among other things, there's that little matter of government ownership:

"When he gets to Washington he is astounded to find that apparently railroadmen and railroad administrators do not know much more about the railroads than he does, for when he inquires about the railroad situation he discovers that one administrator has one plan, another another, that the Interstate Commerce Commission advocates this and the Congress something else. He finds the President nebulous about it, Mr. McAdoo vehement, the railroad presidents on the fence, the shareholders uneasy, the legislators with forty different ideas and the whole matter stirring inconclusively like a paint pot in the Yellowstone Park, which sputters and splurges and growls and fusses, but never gets anywhere or does anything but make a muddy noise.

"He listens to demands that the roads be given back at once, that they shall be held for the original period of twenty-one months, that they shall be retained for five years and that they must go on forever under governmental control; and he is puzzled exceedingly over the way the situation shapes up, which is somewhat like this: First, the railroad men could not run the railroads satisfactorily before the war; second, the government could not run the railroads satisfactorily during the war; third, who the dickens is going to run them after the war?

"And in all Washington he finds no concrete or reassuring answer to the question, and it dismays him to observe the vast amount of language that is being spilled to obfuscate the situation; but he does get a glimmer of the main and fundamental fact, which is that whosoever runs them the average American is going to have the privilege of paying for the running. He considers his own experiences with government ownership, such as they have been, and remembers his experiences with private ownership also; and setting one against the other he isn't reassured that he will get anything but the worst of it no matter what the outcome may be, and that disturbs him; albeit, the average American is pretty well used to getting the worst of it, as it happens."

And still the din goes on:

"He notes that the reactionaries are preparing to react, and that the radicals are radial, not to say, raddled. He hears that the league of nations is chimerical or categorical, as the case may be, and that the freedom of the seas is subject to interpretation by interpretative interpretators, of whom there are many in his muddied midst. He reads laborious columns of what is not being done at the peace conference, and more laborious columns of what will not be done.

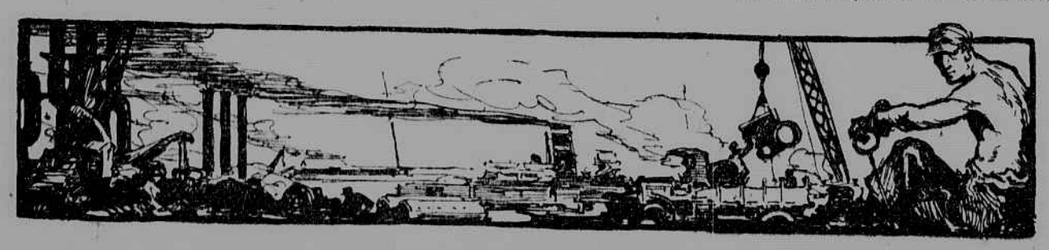
"He wonders why there should not be a few lines about what has been done and why peace should appear to be more difficult than war was, and faintly grasps the fact that perhaps the reason is that our preparedness for peace comes the same way our preparedness for war came—after the event."

So it finally comes down to this:

"Meantime, his personal difficulties have increased in direct ratio to the amount of talking done about them by the statesmen who have his governmental affairs in charge. He gets less for his money, and gets no more money. He moves in a troubled haze about his daily duties, for most of the old familiar things have crashed down round his ears, and none of the new has begun, as yet, to rise to stability. He has no doubts of or for his country, but he is beginning to have serious doubts concerning a certain section of his countrymen. He feels that the paralyzing feature of the present life in the United States is the ever growing desire—and fulfillment of it—to talk—talk—talk; the passion for publicity that controls and actuates the posturings, posings and pronouncements of our public and quasi public men; the subordination of public service to public mention.

"The average American is muddled in his own mind over these and many other things. He cannot clarify or classify them; but there is evidence that he is beginning to get, dimly, perhaps, but none the less get an inkling of the truth that it is up to him to do the reconstruction that is to be done, and not to allow the party politicians to do it.

"If he arrives at that stage we may look for some betterment. If he does not the average American will deserve what he will get, and what he will get will be but an increased and more expensive portion of what he already has."



—Nation's Business

From the Shoulders Up—No Limit

HERE are some bits of "sound advice" in philosophical form taken at random from an address delivered by E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at a recent meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association classes in Montreal:

"A man from his shoulders down is worth $2.50 a day, but from his shoulders up there is no limit to his earning capacity.

. . . . .

"You will find there are three or four simple things that tend to a man's success. The first is good health. It is impossible for a boy or man to work against that handicap. The next thing is honesty. No man in this or any other country who was not honest attained success; he may appear to do so for a time, but when his dishonesty is discovered, which it will be sooner or later, his success is at an end and his failure begins. The third essential is education; without education it is impossible to climb to any important position; and the fourth essential is work.

. . . . .

"The things we admire most in other men are the qualities we should develop in ourselves. The first is honesty, the second courage, and the third modesty. Without courage one cannot go very far in this world. If a man is content to step aside for others, he is bound to lose. Without modesty no one can secure the respect of his fellow beings. Every man's hand is against the man who shows he believes himself better than others. When I was a youngster my father, who was a very wise man, used to say, 'Never think you are better than anybody else, but always think you are just as good.'"